

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1921

Come into the garden, Maud. For the black bat, night has flown. And the grass and weeds are taking it, And I am here alone; Doggone it Maud, come on and work, And help out with the hoeing.

That does not rhyme so awful good but it is better than the effort to make stolid rhyme with blood as occurs in the original poem.

For a long time, we have promised ourselves to make a full and detailed report about our favorite outdoor sport of gardening and now is as good a time as any. We find it very difficult to talk about it for no sooner do we open our heart to a friend on the subject but what his eye begins to wander and turn in and he wants to talk about his own silly garden and that is no interest to us. When anyone comes around our house, he should be prepared to talk garden and talk intelligent but not take up all the time. Then another thing, gardeners are such awful liars, and they magnify so much.

We try to be truthful. The other day a man asked us about our onion crop which is safely harvested and put away for winter. All summer we pulled and eat this succulent, delicious, edible, underground, coated bulb of a biennial herb of the lily family noted for its acrid volatile oil, and quite a few were left over to mature and hang up to be used as a medicine and not as a beverage. And so the man got to boasting of his onion crop and wanted a report on ours and so we were ready for him for we said that if we had had some more we would have had a bushel and a half, and that is enough onions for any family.

Then there was another man who thought to cross-examine us when we commenced to babble about gardening and when he found that we had no okra in the garden he threw off on us and made us out an imperfect gardener and something of a fraud and we were helpless before him and the fountain of information dried up and we were made very miserable. We had it on the tip of our tongue to say that none of the best families up our way indulged in the raising of okra, but we did not know how he would take it, so that repartee was lost. And he raved on about his okra and the day was spoiled for us. The trouble is that we did not know what okra was for when we came to look it up in a book we found that it only grows in warm countries and how did we know that this was going to be a warm country this summer in time to grow okra? It strikes us that we have done without great beds of okra for a long time and that we have never missed it.

The political economists have about figured out that gardeners never cause the government any uneasiness and that the way to keep down the revolutionary spirit is to have plenty of gardens and if every restless man took to gardening that there would be no uprisings to overthrow the peace of the country. Down in the coal fields there has been either a riot or a revolution, and it was time to read the riot act and call out the troops, and load the gun. It is well known that the coal mines are woefully short of gardens, the mines being driven into the sides of bleak mountains and the houses grouped around the mouth of the mine. So having no gardens to wile away the time and to ease the anguish of the torturing hour, the miners go on the rampage and cause a lot of trouble and uneasiness.

And to support this view, attention is called to the condition of the industry in the northern part of West Virginia, where the mines are sunk in the heart of a smiling agricultural country. There we never hear of great armies of miners assembling with rifles to overawe the authorities. So the time may come when the steep hillsides of southern coal fields will be terraced from top to bottom, and instead of the clash of arms, word will come of giant pumpkins escaping from their moorings and rolling down mountain sides and sweeping everything before them. Sad enough no doubt but involving no moral turpitude. Regrettable incidents but involving only the ordinary risk of life in the rich mountain-section of West Virginia.

Modern governments now pay a great deal of attention to history. England has an official historian who is one of the best paid hirelings of the government. His duty is to search out the facts of long gone ages and tell the cabinet what effect in the past certain movements now duplicated had in those days so that the administration may shape a course to avoid the danger. Not long since we had a president who was also a great historian and he turned from studying history to making it and he circumvented so many well laid schemes that a powerful opposition arose to him and they turned him out, but even that was no surprise to him for he had long counted upon it, knowing that was what had always been the result in the past.

In the year 284 A. D. Diocletian, a soldier, the grand-son of a slave, became one of the series of barrack emperors of Rome, the greatest country the world ever saw except the United States. Diocletian reigned for twenty-one years and established a strong centralized government. Under him the legislative power was lost and the law of the land was the edict of the emperor. He seemed to succeed and he thought that he was making Rome permanent by reason of a form of government known as centralized despotism, but it was the beginning of the end for from that time Rome declined and fell apart and ceased to be a great power. Among other things, Diocletian declared that the ruinous cost of living was due to combinations of capitalists to raise prices, and he accused these trusts with being actuated by raging avarice and an unbridled desire for

plunder. We hear a good deal about these expressions today. Diocletian by edict fixed the highest price it should be lawful to ask for each of some eight hundred articles of daily use such as wheat, leather, cloth, butter, eggs, pork, beef and the like. Among other things he issued an edict by which the most terrible of all the persecutions of the Christians was commenced.

In 305 A. D., Diocletian decided to quit while the quitting was good and retired to the country where he passed the rest of his days. After him came confusion and civil war, and Diocletian was pressed to assume the government again during the disorders that followed, and he wrote from his rural retreat: "Could you come here and see the vegetables that I raise in my garden with my own hands, you would no more talk to me of empire."

The vegetables of that day were beans, peas, lettuce, radishes, melons, cucumbers, onions, turnips and cabbages. The modern gardener could have put Diocletian to shame by asking a report on his potatoes, tomatoes, and that giant cereal, the roasting ear, to say nothing of some fifty or sixty other roots and herbs.

It was the American Indian who composed the grand symphony, the grand sweet song of gardening, when he found out the three sisters that dwelt together in harmony: Corn, beans and pumpkins. He planted them all in the same hill, taking care that each seed should be in a space to itself, and this combination has never been improved upon. The three crops come on together and all flourish from the same ground.

Rome fell finally from the rubble of the cities. They declared that they would rather starve in the cities than flourish in the country. Tiberius, in 125 B. C. and other rulers saw the danger and organized back to the land movements which partially succeeded, but under weaker rulers, free bread, and free amusements sapped the strength of the race, and they at length decided that it did not matter who ruled over them and the northern barbarians came down and slew and took possession. When patriotism in the common people turned to sneers, the country fell to pieces. The cities were burned; their wives and daughters taken; they were killed or became slaves; and the dark ages came upon the world. Christianity shone with a constant light during these centuries and at length another and a greater civilization was brought about to be again threatened by the indifference of the rabble.

Then as now the philosophers tried to waken the pleasure mad crowd to the danger of a life of entertainment. Martial wrote in 150 A. D. of country life where a man can be rich with the spoils of grove and field, unfold before the fire his well filled hunting-nets, lift the leaping fish from the quivering line, draw forth the yellow honey from the cask, while his own eggs are cooking over a fire that has not cost a penny.

And that old general, Similis, the old soldier, who at the age of sixty-nine resigned his high office and spent his last seven years on a farm, caused the following to be carved upon his tombstone: "Here lies Similis, who existed seventy-six years, and lived seven."

But such discussions as these get us nowhere. They have Moses and the prophets, and the grandeur that was Rome, and if they do not listen to these they would not pay attention even if one rose from the dead.

And about all that we actually know about Roman gardens except by hearsay was the garden that a certain Roman neighbor raised a few years ago and the town cows broke in and eat it all up and he sued the Goths and the Vandals and some others testified before a jury of barbarians and he lost his case and lost his garden and had to pay the cost of the suit, since which time he has not been strong for gardening.

We had a full crop. Now as to that precarious exotic, the tomato. That is the most prized of all the products of the garden. It belongs to the night shade family and that is the reason that it was once thought to be poison. Its use as food dates from 1493, and it comes from South America. Old men in this county can remember when it was raised for curiosity and children were cautioned not to eat them because they were poison.

It has probably caused more anxiety than all other vegetables combined. We have come to the stage where we are ready to give out some theories on the subject. It belongs to a hot dry country and here we are handicapped by rich soil, wet summers, and the forcing of a luxuriant growth. Nothing is easier than to bring the tomato to the stage where the large green fruit appears on the vines, and then instead of turning red, they turn black. Last year out of two hundred plants we never got a ripe tomato. It was just about as profitable as the venture of the old hen which tried to hatch out chickens from a setting of green apples. The season was warm and wet.

This year the season was dry, and we had a hard time giving away the crop. We tried to follow the old rule of eating what you can and what you cannot eat can. We canned for next winter, and then the next winter, and then the next winter, and then quit. We came within an ace of not putting any out in the garden at all. In fact we had taken a vow not to when they went to the bad in 1920. But we just automatically planted about 150 plants and they bore a hundred fold. With the greatest labor and pains we cleared a patch on a poor hillside and put out about a hundred plants there and the sun beat down on it with an intensity not known heretofore. They came through pretty good and there were a lot of tomatoes in the new ground which seemed to taste a lot better than the ones that grew in the garden. We had some very big specimens in the new ground which is the steepest piece of land in cultivation today in the entire world. We had one very fine one for that kind of ground. It would have weighed over a pound and we were going to take it up to town and exhibit it for size and symmetry to a few doubting Thomases who had been gulling us about the venture on the rabbit ridge. When the big tomato got ripe it was without a flaw and any connoisseur would have been delighted with the sight of it especially if he knew where it came from. So we gathered it and just as we pulled it from the vine it slipped out of the hand and rolled down the hill and landed in the road at the foot of the hill and it was a total loss. There were some other big ones there too, and while the crop was not so big yet it showed that it could be done. We are more convinced than ever that it is the proper way to raise tomatoes in a wet season.

The few cabbages that we tried on the hill side were eaten by the rabbits and the turnips look like the sun was going to burn most of them up. So the idea is to raise all the vegetables in the garden and go to the wilderness for the tomatoes. We noticed the literature on the back of one of the packets of seed where it said that tomatoes ought to be watered slightly once a month, and that is the secret of that crop. Usually it rains here in the summer about every other day and that causes them to have too much blood.

We have never been able to enter into spraying contests with the proper enthusiasm. We believe in a certain number of bugs in the garden. We are used to them and would not know how to garden without them.

And we are not convinced that spraying is one of the essentials. We find nothing in the Bible about spraying a garden, though to hear some of them talk you would think it was one of the ten commandments. We believe in watching a garden all day and setting up with it of nights, but but we cannot get all wrapped up in taking a squirtgun and playing a joke on a bug who thinks he has a constitutional right to be there.

We desire to extend our remarks on some other subjects at another time. As to potatoes after they are dug. And especially on the Use of Weeds in Relation to Humus.

**For Sale**

One Portable Saw Mill including 20 H. P. Frick Engine, equipped with 60 inch circular saw and saw dust conveyor, also cut off saw. Capacity from 5000 to 7000 feet per day. I will sell it at a bargain. Also a lot of tools, saw hooks, axes, cross cut saws, one ton Ford Truck, good as new, one Oliver type writer, two good milk cows and one calf also 64 acres of land near to the village of Greenbank. Will be desirable for a good home. If interested write or call on F. Hamed, Greenbank, W. Va.

**Notice**

I have made arrangements with Walter E. Raiston to sell Ford cars in Cass and vicinity. You can see or buy from him. BAXTER'S GARAGE, J. L. Baxter, Propr.

**Notice**

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Fred J. Waugh, of Hillsboro, West Virginia, has filed with the State Road Commission of West Virginia, an application to operate a bus line between Seebert, Millpoint and Hillsboro and intermediate points, all in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, upon the tariff and schedule filed in said application; that a hearing upon said application will be had at Charleston, West Virginia, on the 7th day of September, 1921, at 1 o'clock p. m. FRED J. WAUGH, Applicant.

WANTED: Girl to do general house work. Good wages. Washing done away from home. Write me. Mrs. Ida Taylor, Greenbank, W. Va.

**WATCH MARLINTON GROW**

**Auction Lot Sale**

**Marlinton, W. Va., September 8, 9, 10**

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 10 a. m.

The late John T. McGraw property **SOLD HIGHEST BIDDERS**, regardless of price, value or location. ON EASY TERMS: 1-3 cash balance six, twelve and eighteen months. 6 per cent interest, 2 per cent cash discount.

Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps accepted at full value, no discount

Citizens Band of Marlinton

Lots sold highest bidders, regardless of price, value or location.

Dinner on ground served by church people

Meet and greet your old friends

5,000 People Expected



**POST**

Prosperity Auctioneer of Pittsburgh

High School will educate thousands. Lots between Court House and High School on main road—the "way the town" is building. Marlinton, held back in growth owing to inability of citizens to buy lots heretofore, will grow more in the next 5 years than past 15 years.

**BOWMAN LAND CO., Sales Agents**

**CHARLESTON, W. VA.**

J. A. SYDENSTRICKER and CHAS. A. YEAGER  
Local Representatives